

3-23-1873

Letter from James Frothingham Whitney, Brooklyn, New York, to Sarah Whitney, 1873 March 23

James Frothingham Whitney

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[1873]

Brooklyn
Sunday night
Mch 23.

Dear Sarah,

My account shows a
Balance to your credit. -

My portfolio evidences from
you two letters unanswered. -

The first, I think, was of those
I have before had occasion to
speak of, the magnetic kind,
that pass each other on the road
without recognition. - As Rip
says about his last glass after
he had sworn off, - that of course
"didn't count." But the last one
does, and for that you have
had no quid pro quo, as the
latins & lawyers say.

I don't know how I can better
finish up a pleasant Sunday
day than by continuing the cor-
respondence, and paying my debts.

I have not much to tell you, but ~~much~~

as I have I impart with a will,
and give it generously.

Since the Old folks Concert, which,
by the way, was particularly inter-
esting and very good, we have not
much to excite us. Watching the
departure of the Snow from day
to day, and the growth and de-
velopment of the baby from hour
to hour there is not much of interest
else. The Snow is about gone, save
here & there a spot on the north
side where the Spring Sun has not
touched. We have had a few,
very few, days of Spring Sun, and
this is one of them. One could
venture out without overcoat, and
in kid gloves today, but there is no
knowing what to-morrow may bring
forth. These March days may be
good to be born in, but they are
awful to bear after one is born.
The Champs are too sudden & great

to be agreeable - but we ought not
to find fault. Planting time
will soon come, if we will but
have patience, and then we will
smile with the sunshine & flowers
& grumble no more.

The baby flourishes surprisingly.
His mother is very proud of him,
as she may well be, for he is
rather in advance of his years -
months, I mean. He is a little
fretful just now with a sore
arm the D^r has given him, but
altogether a fine specimen of a
good little boy. Hope you may
see him in tin when the weather
is more conducive to bringing him
out, and in real flesh & blood
one of these days.

I am sorry to say how much
Carrie & Mrs. Bishop lost in not
accepting my invitation to a seat
in the Deacons pew to see & hear

the old folks. It was more
of a treat than I had prepared
myself for. The great variety
of old style costumes, the new
style and all styles - made
a very picturesque group to behold.
The quoin, as you perhaps know,
is large, and as they filed in
up one aisle & down another,
to show off, before commencing the
concert, was funny in the extreme.
It made everybody laugh and
you couldn't help it. Then the
music was good too, & it was al-
together quite enjoyable. Some-
thing over \$2000 was the yield
to the Orphans. I can't tell you
what you ask to know, who
was the author of that programme.
Think the parson must have had a
hand in it, as I know none of his people
who have the talent embodied in
that piece of brown paper -

Please say to Carrie that I rec'd
from her in due time the tickets
she could not find it convenient
to use. — Was glad to receive the
tickets, but should have been
glader to have had her & Mrs B.
among the crowd with us ^{in flesh} — though
I must say I hardly expected
so great a pleasure when I sent
them.

Cousin Eleanor has written to
Mary asking the privilege of sending
the boy Charlie to our house to spend
his vacation. He has been sick with
inflammatory rheumatism & confined
for 3 weeks, but now getting better —
we shall take him in —

My eyes & paper are exhausted
and I must say good night —
Hope soon to hear of you all
being as well as usual, but can
expect more — With much love
to all, adieu — James